THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1603.

Original Poetry.

"ONWARD AND UPWARD."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I wrestle not for thy destiny,
Nor a shadowy fear have I;
But bright, and bright, and joyous days,
In the future before thee lie.
If "Onward and Upward" thy motto be,
Go through life's mazes fearlessly.

Onward! I know thou wilt meet with loss,
Cruel pestilence, and decay;
For a vow the virtuous and lofty woos,
Find their fanes the most ravaging.
But true in thy wayward, youn ever on,
And the grave will be unclaim, thy bright soul won.

Friends may deceive; and those whose love
Is the jewel of life to thee,
May soon forget all their vows of truth,
And turn from thee carelessly.
But "Onward" pressing, those fallen ones leave,
And "Onward" gazing, forget to grieve.

Like the Eagle bold, unwinded by the storms,
Nor unnerved by the sunbeams of life,
Unwearying, and true to its high resolves,
Press onward through battle and strife.
Till the cycle gained, and the dark cloud past,
With the loved and the beautiful dwell at last.

MARY LAND.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "PRAIRIE DAUGHTER," "PRAIRIE ROSE," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DE FOST," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

HAGUE.

Notwithstanding Hague had intimated he should be himself again the example of horses, it was no more of him that day. I rapped on the father about an hour, in the morning, but the knocking no answer, concluded not to disturb him. As he had taken my room, I took his, when and joined it. Once or twice in the course of the night, I fancied I heard him stone—but it might have been only fancy. I gave Tom orders to be at his door by daylight, and if he came forth, to let me know immediately. I arose at an early hour, and found Hague's door closed and locked, and Tom informed me he had not heard no sound within. Then I was tempted to rouse him at once; but finally resolved to wait till noon, in the hope he would see that time made his appearance. To while away the hours, for I did not like going out, I procured Nicholas Nickaby, and had just got deeply interested in that beautiful production of Dickens, when suddenly I became aware that some one was looking over my shoulder. I turned, and to my great relief, beheld Hatter.

"Ten thirty my two hours have been rather long, eh?" he said, with a smile, at which I felt wilkness and sentiment having disappeared.

"Rather long, truly, my friend. But I am delighted to see you yourself once more," I assured. "Pray tell me what was the matter with—"

"How do you like Dickens?" he interrupted.

"Much—in fact, so far as I have read, I am delighted."

"And how many of his works have you read?"

"This is the first I have once ventured as I sampled."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I glanced over a few pages of Oliver Twist, some years ago, but threw it down in disgust."

"Why so?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I thought it trash."

"Ah! my dear Harry, that was because you did not read far enough to discover, that below that light, trifling, superficial surface, was a vein of rich, pure, earnest thought. Your error consisted in mistaking the froth for the substance. And in this regard you are not alone. There are very many who do not like Dickens, for the reason that they do not understand him. They take up one of his books as you did, read a little here and a little there, throw it down, and pronounce the writer silly. Why? Because, in nine cases out of ten, they mistake the language of one of his fictitious characters for his own—and Dickens introduces foolish characters for a purpose; in fact in contrast, as he does it to show society as it is; he does it to ridicule certain customs, manners, conventionalisms, and practices, which are obnoxious to every sensible mind. Suppose he attempted this in many—who would, indeed? Of the millions among now mentally dressor his every thought—like to what he thinks—about what he says—or that his ideas frame public opinion, the strongest of all laws—how many, think you, would have heard of him, had he attempted logic only? Instead of sketching with his pen, quaint, humorous, life-pictures, which do not tax the brain with abstruse metaphysics, but hang up in the mind's eye, to be seen at all times without an effort? I like Dickens, Harry, for several reasons. His power over the human mind has been used to effect a noble purpose, that of sentiment—the condition of thousands of his fellow-creatures. He has brought home to the rich and tilled, the sufferings, the miseries, of those poor, oppressed, down-trodden beings, whom they have been taught as a victim to scorn and despise; and he has done this in a way that has touched the heart, as well as the conscience. He has shown them that vice may be wrapped in silks and broadcloth, and virtue in rags; he has shown them that under the poorest garments may exist the noblest, purest and most live affections pure, true and holy; that the roughest exteriors may enclose intellects grand, gigantic, God-like. All this he has done—for this I like him—and for this he deserves his fame. He has his faults—who has not? They are to private life he is an aristocrat—what of that. His private life belongs to himself—with that we have no business; his public sayings are ours—they belong to the masses—the whole human race—and they are purely democratic."

"Well," replied I, "after this, I shall read Dickens with a new interest—an interest aside from mere amusement. If his productions are what you represent them, I have done him great injustice."

"Read, Harry, and judge for yourself," replied Hatter.

"What, my friend, since you have expressed your opinion time freely in regard to one author, pray give me your views of authors in general."

"Why, my dear fellow, I scarcely know how or where to begin; in fact, I am not sure I understand what you require."

"I mean that you take up one author after another, and say what you think of their writings."

"Novelists?"

"Ay, and poets also."

"The task is too tedious for the present, Harry; and besides, I do not profess to be a critic."

"And if you did, I should not care for your opinion; for I know you would harp upon their faults, merely to show your own superiority. But, letting that pass, what do you think of your self-collected?"

"Good in the main, though liable to abuse, both by writers and readers. A novel, by property written, is a true picture of life as it exists, or did exist, at the time of the narration. Each scene is laid; and though professing to be fiction, it is no much a living fact, as a pictured landscape in a fine state of nature. History gives us only the skeleton of great events—often erroneous ones—and the novelist supplies the flesh, blood and sinews, and breathes into the silent fancies and prejudices, surrounded by the circumstances of their period; and instead of their being brought down to us in dry detail, we are back in theirs, and by the force of imagination fill ourselves over to their side—in fact, in fact, in castle—taking part in their pleasures and their griefs, their loves and their hates; and in this do we understand them, as in no other manner we could. For instance, should I say to you, there was one Napoleon Bonaparte, a native of Corsica, who, by the force of circumstances, rose from obscurity to the high position of Prince, and went forth with great armies, and made war upon all the nations of Europe, shook kingdoms, made monarchs tremble, became a great conqueror, only to be overthrown and die at exile—you would only know of him as a fact. But should I say, you can not look upon it in the same light, for you would behold only a brutal, familiar or unfamiliar face. If the novelist is true to his purpose, and 'holds the mirror up to nature,' he has the power so to paint the scenes and characters of his own pen, that you will behold and feel with them, as though they were living beings. I do not mean that this power may be made to imbibe good sentiments—inculcate principles—which are of a far more virtue and hate vice, and even to put their faith and trust in the Divine Creator; whereas, should one attempt it, they would only excite their ears by abstruse theories, he would be met with ridicule and sneers. Again, much fiction is bad, and has a bad tendency, and this should be condemned, and always is by the discriminating reader, who marks his author as unworthy a friend or enemy. The good liver, the bad liver, but nothing that is good or bad should be condemned because it is abused. The man who would condemn all novels, because some are bad, is like a man condemning all religion, because a priest or minister has proved recreant to the high and holy principles he professed. Many a youth all the sermons ever preached against fiction and plays, and yet, nevertheless, secretly understood, and acted upon, you need not fear such sermons."

"You put novel-reading before me in a new light," I replied; "for I have been always taught to regard it as a source of unmixed—"

"Evil, I guessed over a few pages of Oliver Twist, some years ago, but threw it down in disgust."

"Why so?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I thought it trash."

"Ah! my dear Harry, that was because you did not read far enough to discover, that below that light, trifling, superficial surface, was a vein of rich, pure, earnest thought. Your error consisted in mistaking the froth for the substance. And in this regard you are not alone. There are very many who do not like Dickens, for the reason that they do not understand him. They take up one of his books as you did, read a little here and a little there, throw it down, and pronounce the writer silly. Why? Because, in nine cases out of ten, they mistake the language of one of his fictitious characters for his own—and Dickens introduces foolish characters for a purpose; in fact in contrast, as he does it to show society as it is; he does it to ridicule certain customs, manners, conventionalisms, and practices, which are obnoxious to every sensible mind. Suppose he attempted this in many—who would, indeed? Of the millions among now mentally dressor his every thought—like to what he thinks—about what he says—or that his ideas frame public opinion, the strongest of all laws—how many, think you, would have heard of him, had he attempted logic only? Instead of sketching with his pen, quaint, humorous, life-pictures, which do not tax the brain with abstruse metaphysics, but hang up in the mind's eye, to be seen at all times without an effort? I like Dickens, Harry, for several reasons. His power over the human mind has been used to effect a noble purpose, that of sentiment—the condition of thousands of his fellow-creatures. He has brought home to the rich and tilled, the sufferings, the miseries, of those poor, oppressed, down-trodden beings, whom they have been taught as a victim to scorn and despise; and he has done this in a way that has touched the heart, as well as the conscience. He has shown them that vice may be wrapped in silks and broadcloth, and virtue in rags; he has shown them that under the poorest garments may exist the noblest, purest and most live affections pure, true and holy; that the roughest exteriors may enclose intellects grand, gigantic, God-like. All this he has done—for this I like him—and for this he deserves his fame. He has his faults—who has not? They are to private life he is an aristocrat—what of that. His private life belongs to himself—with that we have no business; his public sayings are ours—they belong to the masses—the whole human race—and they are purely democratic."

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"Read, Harry, and judge for yourself," replied Hatter.

"What, my friend, since you have expressed your opinion time freely in regard to one author, pray give me your views of authors in general."

"Why, my dear fellow, I scarcely know how or where to begin; in fact, I am not sure I understand what you require."

"I mean that you take up one author after another, and say what you think of their writings."

"Novelists?"

"No other than the simple fact, that you have talked generally here for some time, merely, as you acknowledge, to convince me you are sane, as if you had been doubting it of yourself."

"Ah! that is true. Well, let it pass. But now, seriously and candidly—do you, or do you not, think I am in my right mind at the present moment?"

"I see no reason to doubt it, other than I have mentioned; and, indeed, I am not prepared for it; if you say you are, I will believe you."

"Then, positively, I assert I am."

"Enough! I am satisfied."

"I will then proceed in an rational a manner, that you shall have no reason to doubt again. And to ask me is Viola? If I am more than right, since I wish you to be my companion on an adventure in which and is concerned, that you should know something of her; but you will pardon me, if I only give you an outline sketch now, and leave the detail, my friend, to some future period."

My friend paused a few moments, as if to collect his thoughts, and then proceeded with the following story.

CHAPTER V.

VIOLA.

Viola St. Auburn is the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman, who has of late years retired to the city of Boston. Her mother was an several children, he owned and worked a large cotton plantation in the State of Georgia, on which estate Viola was born, and there passed the earliest years age. In youth my father and mother were married, but unfortunately they both loved the same lady, grew jealous of each other, quarrelled, fought, and my father was carried from the field, as it was supposed at the time, mortally wounded. St. Auburn fled; but did somehow recover from his fatal wounds, and, however, he returned, and subsequently married the lady who had formerly been the cause of this rivalry and estrangement. My father never forgave him. He was, for many years, the bosom friend of Auburn—no matter where, by whom, nor how casually mentioned to his hearing—always puts him in a fury. He was, for many years, the most secluse conscientious. In our family, it is a privileged word, and is never spoken in the presence of my father, who, though not cruelly beaten, is judged to be of unsound mind by those who know him well, and who might also, from ration of intellect, is thought to date from his quarrel and fight for the hand of his first love. I say that I inherit my father's failings—but of that more. As to St. Auburn, though the successful rival of my father, I believe he still hates the latter as much as on the day he lodged a ball in his other side. He was one of the chief persecutors of emancipation, and ever since has been opposed to every measure looking to the ameliorating the cause of Hatter. With this brief explanation, my friend, you will better understand what follows.

"It is about three years since I first saw Viola St. Auburn. I had finished my collegiate course, and was on a visit to a cousin of mine in the city of ——. She was a widow, and also was a female seminary; and in the rear of this building, with a wide, romantic yard, through which, over a rocky bed, dashed a little mountain stream, was a row of small and romantic turn at times; and one of my chief delights, during the short stay with my kinsfolk, was to wander in this yard, and muse and in this stream for trout. There was a quiet, romantic spot, where I used to retreat, and feel pleased no more than any spot I had ever seen; and there, one day, I discovered a new scene to me, a grove, when seated on my favorite rock, with a leafy canopy above my head, a warm, clear blue sky over me, and the gentle, lulling, sweet, murmuring waters at my feet. Here, my mind in a delightful train of thought, I was for hours, alone, undisturbed, and lost in a kind of poetic reverie.

"At last, it entered one day, while seated on my favorite rock, that I heard a footstep behind me. I turned my head, without changing my position, and beheld what seemed to me, in my then dreamy state of mind, a Fay, just dropped from Paradise. But to speak more directly to the point, I saw a beautiful maiden, over whose fair, sunny countenance, a shade of sadness and sorrow had passed. To her personal appearance I cannot do justice, neither would you, if I could suffice it to say, it was such as to rivet my gaze, enchain me, hold me spell-bound, magnetize me, and when you will. I saw before me no airy, floating form, a heavenly face, all guileless and innocence, around which golden curls clustered, and eyes whose softness and lustre exceeded my most poetic conceptions. I rose and she saw me, thought of nothing else. In one hand she carried a collection of bright flowers, and to one these she was evidently attracted by the beauty, lustre, and fragrance of its odor. I was looking for more flowers. I dared not speak, nor move, for fear the greater the consequences; and the greater its correspondence, the more will it resemble Hague and Hartly in Cleveland, who is now all His wrists. The body must have exercise; the mind accustomed; and if the one be healthy and judicious, the other will be also—and vice versa, the effect will be to render the man better and happier. And now, my friend, you know what do you think of my sentiments?"

"That they are sound and correct. But go on! I am anxious to hear you still further."

"Pardon me, my friend, not now," returned Hatter, gayly. "I may at some future period, but not now: for to tell you the truth, a new weight would be upon my mind, which you would have heard of him, had he attempted before?"

"Not the simple reason, that I wished first to convince you I am calm and sane."

"Ah, my friend, I have satisfied myself you are sane."

"Not to-day, perhaps; but you did yester-day, and I was too much excited to explain—Now, then, you see I am calm and rational, and will tell you all. Now, my friend, you will enlist yourself in my service, and be my companion in the adventure undertaken by the hand of fate?"

"Alas!" thought I, "my friend is a little crazy!" for the very method he appeared to have taken to convince me of his sanity, now led me to the opposite belief. Hatter noticed it.

"Ah, sir, I see you do not intend to have me, let me go for I do not know your name—your age—your standing, or even whether you are married, or single?"

"Harry, my friend, answer steamer goes out to-day at four o'clock?" I have on that. Will you go with me?"

"I will," I said.

"Let them look you! your hand!" and as my friend wrung it heartily, I saw his eyes fill with tears.

Two hours later, Harry Harley, and your humble servant, were on board the steamer, and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, bound for Galveston, Texas, and, to the second period, for some rather strange and thrilling adventures.

CHAPTER VI.

PERPLEXITY AND MYSTERY.

It was on a fine, beautiful morning, that we landed at Galveston, and had our luggage transferred to one of those abominating hotels. The place seemed lively, and there were two or three companies of soldiers parading the streets, which gave to Harley a pleasure to join the Army of Occupation, at Corpus Christi, under Taylor. Citizens were also in large numbers, and a good deal of enthusiasm prevailed, as was natural there should, considering that Texas, after a long, bloody, and costly struggle of years, had recently been annexed to our great American Union. Flags and streamers were on the eve of joining Taylor's pleased band, now on her Southern frontier, to protect her against the threatening movements of Mexico, the Montezuma.

On our way hither, much of the conversation between Harley and myself had been concerning Viola. In fact she was the subject which drew my opponent so excited; and now, that he was at home, he spoke with unreserved freedom, made me his confidant in every thing, and I was soon in possession of the whole history of his love and hopes. But one thing puzzled me—and that was the mystery of Viola's residence, as he learned from her broken language on the boat she intended to do, how were we to find her? Harley answered here: She might be where, but Harley knew of none, and therefore could not tell. Then, for the first time, I perceived that I had been very much excited, and that my friend was all in Viola, in which, as I have shown, he was a firm believer.

"Well, my friend," said I, as we arrived at the hotel allotted to, "we are here at last; and now what do you propose? Shall we sit quietly down, and wait for Viola to accomplish our designs? or shall we begin an active search for the object of our solicitude?"

"Ay, Harry, there is the difficulty, how to proceed. But what means can we best employ for her?"

"Well, at this late stroke etc. It is not probable that, if Viola and her father have come hither at all, they have put up at some of the hotels; it would probably be a waste of time to search with the regulators, and make inquiries."

"By Jove! Harry, you are right," cried Harley, grasping my hand. "Come, let us begin at once;" and we did so accordingly.

Our first inquiry, of course, was at the hotel where we had put up. The clerk remembered not so much persons, and there was no St. Auburn on the register. We repaired to another, and met with this success. At the third, to our delight, we found recorded Henry St. Auburn and daughter.

"Harry," said Harley, grasping my arm, his face glowing with emotion, "you may thank me for this!"

"So, being gone, I am a man again," he replied, in the language of Macbeth. "Harry!" he continued, starting up almost wildly, "I feel that we shall find her, and that very soon. I would give a hundred sons they were—no henrietta—no woman—no persons. Such persons had been—no, I am not—but I am determined to find and hear her—if, in spite of them, she might human."

"Ah, sir, then you are still in love with Viola."

"Love—but how shall we act about it?"

"We must trace that carriage by inquiry."

"True, my friend, and I will do it. I am not blind."

"Then," said I, "I think we had better leave our luggage where it is for the present, and take only such things as we need with us in the hand or carpet-bag, which You can carry, and begin our search at once. We shall thus be more likely to get the information we want; and should we find Viola, and succeed in rescuing her, we always secure our property, by hiring such conveyances on the road as will best accelerate their speed, and thus we shall be enabled to overtake the fugitives."

My friend grasped me in his arms, and wept like a baby.

"I am so happy, my friend, that what my self-control is threatened. Come, let us begin at once;" and we did so accordingly.

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For first inquiry

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH SPOLIATION BILL.

A rumor has gone out from Washington, that Congress will not, at this session, as hoped had been indulged they would, take up and pass the bill in behalf of those who suffered loss by the French Spoliation prior to 1800. This will be sad news to many whose hopes had been raised to rational confidence, by assurance which the action of the previous Congress had given them, and by the almost unanimous favorable report by every one, that these claims were just and should be paid—and would have to be paid, if there was a court of Justice before which the Government could be brought to answer, and have its case tried. The report is incorrect, that Congress is going to idle its time away in considering about the Presidency, and upon upon this bill for the payment of these just claims. It may be that the following appeal will not fall upon listless ears and cold hearts, and therefore we publish it:—

[From the Providence Journal.]

AN APPEAL TO "UNCLE SAM."

Written by the Chairman of Indemnity for French Spoliations prior to 1800.

BY AUNT ALICE.

Ye good folks down at Washington,
Who keep the world in awe,
And govern as republicans,
By the authority of law,
Suppose you should, for conscience sake,
Just pay a capital claim,
And wipe one burning stain from off
The records of your fame!

We ask no alms from Government,
No charity from you;
We only ask for our own—
Now is that honest or true?

Aye, will your honor of governors say,
Yet by your acts proclaim,
You care not for your children's weal,
And feet at honest claim?

Proclaim a surplus revenue,
And bribes be the spoil!
Instead of paying righteous claim,
Condemn us to toil!

Is this your true Democracy,
To cause it in our need?
Oh, God help America,
For we are ruled indeed!

Think not to salve your conscience,
That others did the same;
Will this excuse you for neglect,
Obliterate your shame?

Perchance I speak with bitterness,
God wot I have good cause;
To bear no sweetness to your flag,
Your boasted equal laws!

Could you but see what I have seen,
And how I have heard,
And mark through long and weary years
The woe I have delivered;

Yet here a father's dying voice
Expires that he may rest—
"I do not leave you patrimony;
My country will be just!"

Just! Tell it to the nations round,
Let it be widely known!
Yankees can pass of "England's debt,"
But will not pay their own!

Can send an order for English tea,
Yet let their resolves die,
Their dear-earned—but voice interred,
On slumberous charity!

Is this the spirit of your fathers?
The honor of our laws?
If so, Heaven aid the poor and weak,
And right the injured cause!

Talk not of Bunker-hill and of Trove,
Nor place them under ban;
Shake hands, disbelieve though they are
For you have led the van!

If not for honor and for right,
If not for conscience sake,
Then bear us, like the Judges of old,
Just for the benefit of sake.

Yield up your selfish stewardship,
And, sirs, in turn,
Pit rest my human in the air,
And shout "Uncle Sam!"

Pomfret, Conn., Oct. 16.

* St. Luke, chapter xviii.

† There was in a city a Judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man.

‡ And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

4. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man,

5. Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest, by her continual coming, she weary me.

AMERICAN DEBRIS OF FOREIGN AIR.—Says Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, in her volume of travels:—

In coming by the railroad here, I was struck one evening by the dread the Americans seemed to have for catching cold. The air was excessively close, and Y——— and I let down our window, and thus enjoyed the cool fresh air which we thus secured in our immediate vicinity. We looked hopefully at the countenances of all the passengers. At first, I could not think that the fresh, but healthy cold air, I had been thus mental in introducing to the crowded and suffocating car, occasioned this movement; but I soon ascertained that such was the fact, and that a gentleman carefully barricading himself with a large respirating cape against the assaults of his acrid foe. His appearance, just peeping over this gently-contrived defensive wall, was rather comical. One opened a book, another read and disappeared behind his ample shade from scrutiny and fun; he supposed everybody did the same, looking, as there was neither rain nor snow in the air, like Asiatic potentates, shrouded in the sacking of hats, and shrinking and shrugging; but all were so courteous and obliging to remonstrate, and I am not sure that one of the victims did not actually assist me to keep the battle window, though so much to his own discomfiture. Shall I confess it? grieved as I was to appear so unsympathizing, I could not quell the magnanimity to relax the glass; I felt so sure that, unphilosophic as I was, my own homeopathic dose was for their good. It must be, no doubt, the great variability and the sudden heat extremes of their climate that render them thus susceptible of the slightest chill. I heard some say, "I'm afraid we'll be frozen before we get to our journey's end," yet there was only a little part of the window open, and that was at the nose close to it were conscious. I think I ought to have seen that it notwithstanding; but I could not hope some of the passengers suffered from this barbarous infliction of Zephyrus. We who stood the whole brunt of it certainly did not.

ISRAEL GIBS IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Albany correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, writes:

"At the Normal School to-day, I found an Indian girl, quietly, more gaudily and quietly than her fellow students' associates, pursuing her studies, and those studies difficult. Her home is still amidst the forests. She is not one of the forest we yet her people, but she is preparing to be a teacher among them, and by such aid as that, it is to be expected will give her own home and home—blanket to silk—the arrow to the plough—the lordly savage to the industrious and honorable man. The Tonawanda and the Cossadaga, and the Alleghany are the streams out of which Edmonton can carve his noblest stations. Those are they that shall yet vindicate the name of those who held the title of the Red Republic."

The "Indian Girl" is Miss Caroline Parker, from the Tonawanda Reservation. She is an accomplished, intelligent and beautiful young lady. Previous to entering the Normal School two years ago, she was much better advanced than most girls of her age, and always ranked as a member of that institution, has improved her opportunities to the utmost. Mr. P., is a sister of Mr. Ely S. Parker, well known to many of our citizens.—*Rochester Daily American.*

QUEER, IF TRUE.—A correspondent in Dodge County, Ohio, relates the following incident, occurring in a village church in his neighborhood:

"At the close of the service, last Sunday, the following announcements were made, with due solemnity, by one of the fathers:

"1 Prayer-meeting at Brother Wood's next Thursday evening; also, a 'shooting match' at Brother Kahn's on Christmas. We hope the former will be good enough for the latter, and will turn out generally on both occasions.

"With respect to the latter, we have known Brother Kahn for a worthy man, though poor, and any assistance in this way will be thankfully received.

"An actual fact, without the slightest exaggeration."

[*] The Boston Times says an acquaintance of the editor a few weeks since, purchased a bot of segars warranted "a first quality." After smoking half a dozen he became convinced that the filling was composed of some other material than tobacco. Taking a small quantity of the leaf he filled a tower pot, planted corn, and they patiently awaited, for a few days, the result. Half a dozen buds appeared, and, at the end of two weeks, he has a bond of tobacco was given to our segars.

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IF IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 paid in advance—or $2 50 if not paid within the year. Two copies, one copy is sent three years. We confess the following low terms to clubs is the best, in the city, to the editor, and, to the country to one Post Office:

5 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $8 00 Payable
15 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 at
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $26 00 delivery.

Americans in China.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will show that the subscription to end at the same time those of the rest of the club. We will willingly send specimen numbers to those have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, paid at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Where the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the money.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by forwarding the names, &c., address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons desiring Clubs, will find it should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please to state the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Evening Post, and be well remunerated for their trouble. Indeed we have been inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer ourselves, though, as they will observe our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so as well as themselves. *Specimen numbers to post the same on a first-class paper, as to the manner and posture of the small reptile.*

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

From different sources, both in this country, London and Paris papers, it is not improbable that our Government has been induced by the Governments of Great Britain and France, as to the light in which the proposed Japan Expedition would be regarded by them. We do not answer, as to natural, is very satisfactory. The Governments of Europe, and the statesmen of the Old World, are pleased with the prospect of our beginning to walk in that direction, and of our extending our Empire. The readers will be reminded of a well known passage in Isaiah:—

"It hath pleased my God to hide from the wise and the prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes."

"All the world is with you," said Ajax, "but often also become weak as we" are those become wise as we? are those who are blind.

Hear what the Paris "Constitutionnel" says:—

"We cannot but approve the American Government for the liberal manner in which it conducts, in giving instructions to the commanders of the squadron destined for the seas. *We know by many forces from the Japanese* to us, how equally just and liberal these instructions are.

In other words, we shall be delighted, Mister Americans, with your "Bloodthirsty" expedition, especially if you propose to let us have our share of the plunder.

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"It is a fair question how far any tribe or race of human beings possess the right of excluding the rest of mankind from the soil which they inhabit, from the benefits to be derived from an extensive intercourse with the world, from the rich mineral and vegetable productions, and the various articles of trade which a country possesses, and which are necessary to the wants, the comfort, the well-being of other races. The earth is the inheritance of the whole human family, and no individual portion of it, no country, may act as if it were entirely shut out from the rest of mankind, may not act as if it were entirely shut out from the rest of mankind, may not act as if it were entirely shut out from the rest of mankind, may not

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philad'a,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelist now in process of publication,

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EBENEZER BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIBULATION,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will some in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. In this line the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter, comprised in a great variety of the choicest articles that appear in the famous periodicals, together with the best matter of New Works, Original Literature, General News, &c., &c.—Spotlighting a paper at this expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, is of our grand objects.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we may expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown us by patrons, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—so reasonable, that as a first class paper can be maintained upon it. We might, at any time, take our leave of the second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper, or peruse our stories for nothing, but unknown, nearly-penny writers with world-wide names, instead of validating such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lucy Hamm, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth about it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Davis presented the memorial of Robert G. Shaw and others, of New York, setting forth the necessity of a more extensive and rapid mail service between the cities of Savannah and New York, and praying that the contract may be given to the memorialists. Referred.

Mr. Dawson's bill was then taken up. The majority of the Committee on the Judiciary reported to the bill, stating that the Secretary of the Interior proposed furnishing to the supervising architect of the treasury of the United States, according to the Census and Appropriation bills of 1850, the plans and specifications of the public buildings which have been completed and erected by the Census Office, including in the population of California the estimated returns of the Seventh Census, San Francisco and Contra Costa. This would give to California a population of 255,000 persons, and would entitle her to three members. The State of South Carolina has now a fraction of 47,070, and if California has one of 47,070, the latter would have a member for this fraction. Louisiana has a fraction of 69,000.

Mr. Dawson defended the bill, and explained its whole matter. He argued that the Constitution of the United States required that representation should be apportioned according to actual enumeration only. No other rule could be adopted. The Census Office, perhaps, by one of the fortunate circumstances according to the actual returns from California, the Secretary of the Interior was enabled to say that he knew another number for this, he would insist on the Senate adhering to the Constitution.

Mr. Hale said, if there were data enough to enable the Secretary to say the actual number of the population of California greater than that of South Carolina, then admitting that California and South Carolina were entitled to the members why were not Louisiana and Texas entitled to them? Florida and Arkansas were entitled to a member each, and it was not just to other States to give them one each.

Mr. Gwyn said that the appointment depended on the census of 1850, and that the Constitution made no division. The returns for California were not complete, yet entirely wrong. He was satisfied that her population exceeded 100,000, and would be 150,000 in Autumn sent. But, owing to the uncertainty of the matter, he thought the best way would be to adhere to the Constitution.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, the Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Interior Department, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, showing that $6,000 is due to Mr. Gilbert Imlay, for services rendered by him to Gen. Wilkinson.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, presented the petition of Henry O'Reilly, of the Western Telegraph line, praying an extension of the line of communication by mail and telegraph, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Dodge also presented the petition of Messrs. Henry O'Reilly, of the Western Telegraph line, praying an extension of the line of communication by mail and telegraph, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Dodge said he presented the petition because it was only a modification of the Texas line, but that the line of telegraph must be protected by the authority of the Government. As military posts have been authorized on that Territory, he asks that, instead of having to go in large bodies, they may be put in stations of twenty men each, at the distance of a day's travel apart, to protect from theft of the poor animals of the emigrants. Then the telegraph, the mail, and the emigrants could be protected by the same line of military posts. All this he does. Mr. O'Reilly thinks he can, in two years from this time, have the telegraph in operation on the Pacific in two weeks from the time of its leaving the Mississippi.

The usual Presidential petitions praying that the Wheeling Bridge may be preserved.

The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Navy, in response to a resolution of the Senate, calling for information in regard to a communication of Lieutenant Maury, &c. The Secretary thinks such communications would be frequently received, and that it would be impossible for United States vessels, at very little increased expenditure, to keep a communication between all parts of the world. The Secretary considers the project feasible, &c., for reasons stated in the communication. The Secretary of War says depots for the storage of powder, and given the quantity now stored at the various arsenals from which it appears that at Watervliet, near Troy, 300,000 pounds.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, resolution, which was non-concurred in.

Mr. Mason addressed the Senate in support of Mr. Clarke's, and in opposition to Mr. Norris's and Mr. Case's amendments. He said that the policy under which the Post Office Department was now, and had been conducted and for several years past, was the one thing, of the propagandist who had undertaken to force into existence a system of universal emancipation throughout the Government. There was but little sectional difference between the Secretary and the Postmaster-General. They both looked forward to a change in the policy of the Government, and were willing to make sacrifices for the purpose of other supposed or real public policy doctrine, extending beyond that of the resolution, to use his phrase, it was abandoned, that was the time would, in all probability, shortly come, when the Post Office Department would be, as it had been ordered, but a mere redress of letters. The Postmaster-General, had undertaken to prove that the people of Washington were not willing to pay postage, and, even if it was, that it was not intended to be permanent, but a mere temporary measure, to be put in the moment the occasion which called it forth was passed away. He (Mr. M.) was opposed to the whole policy of the Administration, and to the principle. The real pernicious idea every heart; and it had not only existed since, in the members of the party, but had had larger flow and deep root in the hearts of the people.

On the 6th, Mr. Hale said he had received a written request to present to the Senate, two petitions praying the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and that he intended to have submitted some remarks to the Senate upon the subject, but that he was not in a state to do so at the present time, and he would, therefore, move that the petitions lie upon the table. The whole question of the Compromise would be before the Senate in a few days, and he would defer his remarks till then. The petitions were laid on the table.

A number of other petitions were presented, and laid on the table.

Mr. Clemens, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the message of the President, relating to the claim of Jeremiah Clemens, reported from the office of the Secretary of State, reported a bill amendatory of the several acts for the adjustment of offences against the United States.

Mr. Clemens, in offering the report, said, that the case came up the bill to refer the papers to the Committee and restore to the mass of the public lands, certain lands in State of Arkansas.

Mr. Hadlock said that on Monday he would move to take up the bill for the relief of the heirs of Gen. Gaines, and would not even rest upon a motion.

The Appropriations bill, regulating the representation of California, was taken up, and debated to adjournment.

During the debate, Mr. Hunter, by consent, reported the Deficiency Bill, with some fifty amendments, of which he gave a brief explanation, and moved the printing of the bill.

On the 6th, Mr. Cooper presented the memorial of Mr. Lenox, relating to a claim to certain portions of the graves of Washington Crossing the Delaware, and the Battle of Monmouth, and praying that the Secretary of the Treasury Department the Battle of Monmouth. Also a proposition by Mr. Healy to grant two pre-emptions of quarter sections each to the Ten Overland to Boston Harbor; the other of the Battle of Monmouth, and praying that the Secretary of the Treasury may be authorized to cause an agreement with them for the purchase of the Battle Ground at Imlay, urging Congress to encourage American artists, because private donations, of sufficient magnitude to obtain purpose, were very rare. Referred.

Mr. Benner offered a resolution, directing an inquiry into the expediency of reducing the rates of postage on letters and codify the statutes of the United States. Adopted.

Mr. Rusk's resolution, calling upon the President to inform the Senate of the claims of the naval expedition recently fitted out against Japan, and particularly what amount of bounty, if any, has been paid to the officers and men of the expedition, but he supposed the Presidential had no other object in view but the general good of the country. Until some information to the contrary was produced, he could not vote for the call which was resisted.

Mr. Rusk then read from a debate in the House to show that the Chairman of the Naval Committee in that body had declared that the expedition was about to sail. He also read articles from a newspaper published in Boston, which had been got up, established, and was kept alive out of the appropriations for the purpose of promoting the success of the administration, the Secretary of the Navy. This paper heralded forth that the expedition was one of vast importance, and was the result of suggestions of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Rusk—What paper is it?

Mr. Rusk—A paper called the "Old Colony Memorial," published at Plymouth, and was the home of Mr. Webster's family. However, he did not mean to say that Mr. Webster had anything to do with the Japanese business, but he was the organ and creature for the Cabinet

Selected Poetry.

A VISION OF IMMORTALITY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

[The following poem recently appeared in the New York "Independent," purporting to be a sequel to "Thanatopsis" and the "Hymn to Death" by W. C. Bryant. Mr. Bryant, however, denies the authorship. A number of the journals have been taken in by this imitation. It is very fairly written, but we thought it strange, when we first saw the poem, that Mr. Bryant should repeat himself by the use of certain phrases which occur in it—and that he should eulogize the "*melancholy sweetness*," of his own "Hymn to Death."—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

I who essayed to sing, in earlier days,
The *Thanatopsis* and *The Hymn to Death*,
Wake now the Hymn to Immortality.
Yet once again, oh man, come forth and view
The haunts of Nature; walk the waving fields,
Enter the silent groves, or pierce again
The depths of the untrodden wilderness,
And she shall teach thee. Thou hast learned before
One lesson—and her Hymn of Death hath fallen
With melancholy sweetness on thine ear;
Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue
That *life* is there—life in uncounted forms—
Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
In every branch that swings—in the green leaves,
And waving grain, and the gay Summer flowers
That gladden the beholder. Listen now,
And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
But to awaken in more glorious forms—
And that the mystery of the seed's decay
Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope—
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay!
Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The *insect* brood are there!—each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.
Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulchre of old decay,
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life.
Raise then the Hymn to Immortality!
The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
And the old cities where the dead have slept,
Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.
Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
Resting together in one fond embrace,
The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
Grown old together in the flight of years,
They of immortal fame and they whose praise
Was never sounded in the ears of men—
Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd—
All the vast concourse in the halls of death,
Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
Ay, learn the lesson. Though the worm shall be
Thy brother in the mystery of death!
And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
Yet the Immortal is thy heritage!
The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,
Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,
In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
Whose mortal puts on immortality!
Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
Of Nature, and her solemn hymn of death
Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower,
"Oh grave! thy victory!" And thou, oh, man,
Burdened with sorrow at the woes that crowd
Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
In the strong hope of the undying life,
And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, thro' the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the IMMORTAL HILLS.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head no lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God—when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets and the blest
Gone up from every land to people Heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!

Selected Sketch.

THE

VENTILATION OF HOUSES;

OR,

FARMER N—— AND FARMER JOCELYN.

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

Pure air, and enough of it, is the cheapest blessing one can enjoy; and to deny one's self so indispensable an element of good health, is little short of criminal neglect, or the sheerest folly. Yet thousands who build at much needless expense, for the protection of their health and that of their families, as they allege, and no doubt suppose, by neglecting the simplest of all contrivances, in the work of ventilation, invite disease and infirmity, from the very pains they so unwittingly take to ward off such afflictions.

A man, be he farmer, or of other profession, finding himself prosperous in life, sets about the very sensible business of building a house for his own accommodation. Looking back, perhaps, to the days of his boyhood, in a severe climate, he remembers the not very highly-finished tenement of his father, and the wide, open fireplace which, with its well-piled logs, was scarcely able to warm the large living-room, where the family were wont to huddle in Winter. He possibly remembers, with shivering sympathy, the sprinkling of snow which he was accustomed to find upon his bed as he awaked in the morning, that had found its way through the frail casing of his chamber-window—but in the midst of all which he grew up with a vigorous constitution, a strong arm, and a determined spirit. He is resolved that *his* children shall encounter no such hardships, and that himself and his excellent helpmate shall suffer no such inconvenience as his own parents had done, who now, perhaps, are enjoying a strong and serene old age, in their old-fashioned, yet to them not uncomfortable tenement.—He therefore determines to have a snug, *close* house, where the cold cannot penetrate. He employs all his ingenuity to make every joint an air-tight fit; the doors must swing to an air-tight joint; the windows set into air-tight frames; and to perfect the catalogue of his comforts, an air-tight stove is introduced into every occupied room which, perchance, if he can afford it, are further warmed and poisoned by the heated flues of an air-tight furnace in his air-tight cellar. In short, it is an air-tight concern throughout. His family breathe an air-tight atmosphere throughout; they eat their food cooked in an "air-tight kitchen witch," of the latest "premium pattern;" and thus they start, father, mother, children, all on the high road—if persisted in—to a galloping consumption, which sooner or later conducts them to an air-tight dwelling, not soon to be changed. If such melancholy catastrophe be avoided, colds, catarrhs, headaches, and all sorts of bodily afflictions shortly make their appearance, and they wonder what is the matter! They live so snug! their house is so warm! they sleep so comfortable! how can it be? True, in the morning the air of their sleeping-rooms feels close, but then if a window is opened, it will chill the rooms, and that will give them colds. What *can* be the matter? The poor creatures never dream that they have been breathing, for hour after hour, decomposed air, charged with poisonous gases, which cannot escape through the tight walls, or over the tight windows, or through the tight stoves; and thus they keep on in the sure course to infirmity, disease and premature death—all for the want of a little ventilation! Better, indeed, that instead of all this pains-taking, a pane were knocked out of every window, or a panel out of every door in the house.

We are not disposed to talk about cellar furnaces for heating a farmer's house. They have little to do in the farmer's inventory of goods at all, unless it be to give warmth to the hall—and even then a snug box stove, with its pipe passing into the nearest chimney, is, in most cases, the better appendage. Fuel is usually abundant with the farmer; and where so, its benefits are much better dispensed in open stoves or fireplaces, than in heating furnaces or "air-tights."

We have slightly discussed this subject of firing in a farm-house, in a previous page, but while in the vein, must crave another word. A farmer's house should *look* hospitable, as well as *be* hospitable, both outside and in; and the broadest, most cheerful look of hospitality within doors, in cold weather, is an *open* fire in the chimney fireplace, with the blazing wood upon it. There is no *mistake* about it. It thaws you out, if cold; it stirs you up, if drooping; and is the welcome, winning introduction to the good cheer that is to follow.

A short time ago, we went to pay a former town friend a visit. He had removed out to a snug little farm, where he could indulge his agricultural and horticultural tastes, yet still attend to his town engagements, and enjoy the quietude of the country. We rang the door-bell. A servant admitted us; and leaving overcoat and hat in the hall, we entered a lone room, with an "air-tight" stove, looking as black and solemn as a Turkish eunuch upon us, and giving out about the same degree of genial warmth as the said eunuch would have expressed had he been there—an emasculated warming machine, truly! On the floor was a Wilton carpet, too fine to stand on; around the room were mahogany sofas and mahogany chairs, all too fine to sit on—at all events, to *rest* one upon, if he were fatigued. The blessed light of day was shut out by crimson and white curtains, held up by gilded arrows; and upon the mantel-piece, and on the centre and side tables were all sorts of gimcracks, costly and worthless. In short, there was no *comfort* about the whole concern. Hearing our friend coming up from his dining-room below, where, too, was his *cellar kitchen*—that most abominable of all appendages to a farm-house, or to any other country house, for that matter—we buttoned our coat up close and high, thrust our hands into pockets, and walked the room as he entered.—"Glad to see you—glad to see you, my friend!" said he, in great joy; "but, dear me, why so buttoned up, as if you were going? What's the matter?" "My good sir," we replied, "you asked us to come over and see you, 'a *plain farmer*,' and 'take a quiet family dinner with you!' We have done so; and here we find you with all your town nonsense about you. No fire to warm by; no seat to rest in; no nothing like a farm or farmer about you; and it only needs your charming better half, whom we always admired, when she lived in town, to take down her enameled harp, and play

'In fairy bowers by moonlight hours,'

to convince one that instead of ruralizing in the country, you had gone a peg higher in town residence! No, no, we'll go down to Farmer Jocelyn's, our old school-fellow, and take a dinner of bacon and cabbage with him. If he does occupy a one-story house, he lives up in sunshine, has an open fireplace, with a blazing wood fire on a chilly day, and his 'latch-string is always out.'"

Our friend was petrified—astonished! We meant to go it rather strong upon him, but still kept a frank, good-humored face, that showed him no malice. He began to think he was not exactly in character, and essayed to explain. We listened to his story. His good wife came in, and all together, we had a long talk of their family and farming arrangements; how they had furnished their house; and how they proposed to live; but wound up with a sad story, that their good farming neighbors didn't call on them the *second* time—kind, civil people they appeared, too,—and while they were in, acted as though afraid to sit down, and afraid to stand up;—in short, they were dreadfully embarrassed; for why, our friends couldn't tell, but now began to understand it. "Well, my good friends," said we, "you have altogether mistaken country life in the outset. To live on a farm, it is neither necessary to be vulgar, nor clownish, nor to affect ignorance. *Simplicity* is all you require, in manners, and equal simplicity in your furniture and appointments. Now, just turn all this nonsense in furniture and room dressing out of doors, and let some of your town friends have it. Get some simple, comfortable cottage furniture, much better for all purposes, than this, and you will settle down into quiet, natural country life before you are aware of it, and all will go 'merry as a marriage bell' with you, in a little time"—for they both loved the country, and were truly excellent people. We continued, "I came to spend the day and the night, and I will stay; and this evening we'll go down to your neighbor Jocelyn's; and you, Mrs. N——, shall go with us; and we will see how quietly and comfortably he and his family take the world in a farmer's way."

We did go; not in carriage and livery, but walked the pleasant half-mile that lay between them; the exercise of which gave us all activity and good spirits. Jocelyn was right glad to see us, and Patty, his staid and sober wife, with whom we had romped many an innocent hour in our childhood days, was quite as glad as he. But they *looked* a little surprised that such "great folks" as their new neighbors, should drop in so unceremoniously, and into their common "keeping room," too, to chat away an evening. However, the embarrassment soon [illegible]. We talked of farming; we talked of the late elections; we talked of the fruit trees and the strawberry beds; and Mrs. Jocelyn, who was a pattern of good housekeeping, told Mrs. N—— how *she* made her apple jellies, and her currant tarts, and cream cheeses; and before we left they had exchanged ever so many engagements,—Mrs. Patty to learn her new friend to do half-a-dozen nice little matters of household pickling and preserving; while she, in turn, was to teach Nancy and Fanny, Patty's two rosy-cheeked daughters, almost as pretty as their mother was at their own age, to knit a bead bag and work a fancy chair seat!—And then we had apples and nuts, all of the very best—for Jocelyn was a rare hand at grafting and managing his fruit trees, and knew the best apples all over the country. We had, indeed, a capital time! To cut the story short, the next Spring our friend sent his *fancy* furniture to auction, and provided his house with simple cottage furnishings, at less than half the cost of the other; which both he and his wife afterward declared was infinitely better, for all housekeeping purposes. He also threw a neat wing on to the cottage, for an upper kitchen and its offices, and they now live like sensible country folks; and with their healthy, frolicsome children, are worth the envy of all the dyspeptic, town-fed people in existence.

A long digression, truly; but so true a story, and one so apt to our subject, cannot well be omitted. But what has all this to do with ventilation? We'll tell you. Jocelyn's house was *ventilated* as it should be;—for he was a methodical, thoughtful man, who planned and built his house himself—not the mechanical work, but directed it throughout, and saw that it was faithfully done; and that put us in mind of the story.

To be perfect in its ventilation, every room in the house, even to the closets, should be so arranged that a current of air *may* pass through, to keep it pure and dry. In living rooms, fresh air in sufficient quantity may usually be admitted through the doors. In sleeping rooms and closets, when doors may not be left open, one or more of the lower panels of the door may be filled by a rolling blind, opening more or less at pleasure; or a square or oblong opening for that purpose, may be left in the base board, at the floor, and covered by a wire netting. And in all rooms, living apartments, as well as these, an opening of at least sixty-four square inches should be made in the wall, near the ceiling, and leading into an air flue, to pass into the garret. Such openings may be filled by a rolling blind, or wire screen, as below, and closed or kept open, at pleasure.—Some builders prefer an air-register to be placed in the chimney, over the fireplace or stove, near the ceiling; but the liability to annoyance, by smoke escaping through it into the room, if not thoroughly done, is an objection to this latter method, and the other may be made, in its construction, rather ornamental than otherwise, in appearance. All such details as these should be planned when the building is commenced, so that the several flues may be provided as the building proceeds. In a stone or brick house, a small space may be left in the walls, against which these air-registers may be required; and for inner rooms, or closets, they may pass off into the openings of the partitions, and so up into the garret; from which apertures of escape may be left, or made at the gables, under the roof, or by a blind in the window.

For the admission of air to the first floor of the house, a special opening through the walls, for that purpose, can hardly be necessary; as the doors leading outside are usually opened often enough for such object. One of the best ventilated houses we have ever seen, is that owned and occupied by Samuel Cloon, Esq., of Cincinnati. It is situated on his farm, three miles out of the city, and in its fine architectural appearance and finished appointments, as a rural residence and first-class farm-house, is not often excelled. Every closet is ventilated through rolling blinds in the door panels; and foul air, either admitted or created within them, is passed off at once by flues near the ceiling overhead, passing into conductors leading off through the garret.

Where chambers are carried into the roof of a house, to any extent, they are sometimes incommoded by the Summer heat which penetrates them, conducted by the chamber ceiling overhead. This heat can best be obviated by inserting a small window at each opposite peak of the garret, by which the outside air can circulate through, above the chambers, and so pass off the heated air, which will continually ascend. All this is a simple matter, for which any builder can provide, without particular expense or trouble.

☞ The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

Wit and Humor.

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE.

Way up in the "Northern Country," between New York and the Canada line, there are several gentlemen living upon estates owned by them. A friend of one of the gentlemen, wrote to him from New York city, making inquiries with a view to "emigration" if the information received was agreeable. The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press publishes the reply, which represents the undiscovered country, as a second Beulah. The reply is as follows:—

——, Feb. 20th, 1852.

My dear ——,
Yours of the 24th is received, and I hasten to give you the information desired, for the benefit of your friend, as follows:—

The soil, when you can get at it, is composed principally of conglomerate, viz.:—a mixture of muck, moss, decayed fern leaves, paving stones and snow.

The face of the country, when not covered with snow, is covered with a growth of hemlock, tamarack, spruce and cedar timber, except those portions which the enterprise of former years has attempted to clear,—these are covered with stumps, rocks, fallen trees, alder bushes, and brambles.

The fruits are various, comprising most of the species found in high latitudes, such as choke-cherries, moose-berry, whortleberry and black raspberry, the latter in great abundance and perfection.

Among the game, is to be found the domestic fowl, the swallow, crow, and blue jay, and in mid-summer, the night-hawk and screech-owl.

The animals hunted for their fur are the cat, the chip monk, the stray dogs—those chiefly esteemed for their flesh, are the musk-rat, skunk and woodchuck.

The fishes embrace a great variety—from the tadpole to the bull-pout—the sucker is salted down for Winter use.

The principal articles of consumption are pork, white beans, apple-sass and rye whiskey.

The principal articles of import, are dried-apples, buffalo coats, tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, molasses, bogus cigars, and spoilt oysters.

The articles of export are few, being only such things as they don't want themselves—the principal are, convicts to Auburn and Sing Sing prisons, and emigrants to California.

The chief productions are white-headed children, which in time grow to be lumbermen, pedlers, deacons, squires, politicians and rogues.

Their means of getting a living are ingenious and varied—the most ostensible, however, is "dickering," at which they are very expert, swapping horses, trading cattle, and getting boot.

The chief amusements, in Winter, are keeping up a fire, watching the weather, going to funerals, whittling, and breaking steers—in Summer these are varied, by getting out manure, hoeing corn, acting as scare crows, and getting "down sick," eating green apples.

The range of domestic duties is confined altogether to chance, and the "women folks."

The principal business is an impertinent interference in other people's affairs, to the entire neglect of their own; exaggerating evil reports, throwing obstacles in the way of public improvements, talking politics, and doing chores. The young leave the parental roof at a tender age, and commence on their own hook, peddling pop corn, gingerbread, and molasses candy.

The climate is a cross between Lapland and Siberia, not quite as cold as the one, and a good deal colder than the other, but healthy.—The principal diseases are lame stomach, delirium tremens, and "folks is sick."

The articles of luxury most esteemed, are salt codfish, dried pumpkins, and woollen gowns.

The articles of furniture, are a cooking stove, mop pail, and wash dish.

Their farming implements consist of an axe, a saw, a log chain, generally hooked, and a jack knife.

Their education is confined to writing their name, guessing off hogs, and making axe helves.

Their moral and religious ideas are vague and loose. They generally live to a green old age, and die as green as they lived.

Their habits are predatory and migratory.

The principal places of resort are the platforms of railroad depots, bar rooms, justices' courts, and public and private offices, where they have no business.

If your friend is a bachelor, it may be interesting to him to know, that the females, (with a few exceptions) have no front teeth, but their eye teeth are cut early, and are sharp and well developed. If there are any points not touched upon, likely to influence him in the choice of a residence, I hope you will have no hesitation in asking further enlightenment.

Yours, ever.

SHORT DRAMA IN TWO SCENES.

FIRST SCENE.

Millionaire seated in an easy chair. By him stands a poor man in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire—"Ahem!—Very sorry, my young friend that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Economise!*"

Poor Man—"But when a man has nothing to—"

Millionaire—"Nonsense!—Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to save."

SECOND SCENE.

The millionaire drowning in a pond, the poor man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man—"Sorry my friend that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Swim!*"

Millionaire—(choking)—"Bub-bub-bub—when a ma-man can't swim!"

Poor Man—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to swim."—*Union Magazine.*

MRS. PARTINGTON.—"I can't make it out," said Mrs. Partington one morning, when she first moved to the city, after the railroad ploughshare had upturned her hearth-stone. "I can't make it out," and she reached farther out of the window to the imminent danger of the "embargo" returning again to her head, or a somerset into the street below. She had caught the sound "Here's haddick!" from stentorian lungs under her window, and she could not make out what the sounds meant. "I wish I knowed what the poor critter was crying about, but I thought he said he had a sick headache, and I declare I pity the poor soul that has got such a distressing melody as that." She drew in her head, like a clam, and shut down the window, to keep out the sounds of a misery she could not relieve.—*Carpet Bag.*

WHEN WILL THE INDIA RUBBER CASE CONCLUDE?

When a "Good year" and a "Day,"
From the earth shall pass away.—*Lantern.*

PUBLIC OPINION VS. INDIVIDUAL OPINION.—"What do you think of public opinion?" asked a wag, of a rogue who was put in the pillory and being pelted with bad eggs. "Public opinion," replied the victim quietly, shielding his eyes with one hand, without looking at his tormentors, is a "jurisdiction which a wise man will never *entirely recognize*—(whiz! bang! slap! came a few more eggs,) nor *entirely deny*;" and he proceeded to wipe away the fluid with his other hand.

THE MAGUIRES.—Judge Atchison tells a good story of a Kentuckian, who inquired of him, on his way to Washington, who these *Maguires* (Magyars) were, with whom Austria had so much trouble; adding, without waiting for an answer, that if they were the Maguires who left the Green River country a few years ago, he was not astonished that Austria had to call on Russia to help her put them down.

SCENE IN A RAILWAY STATION.—*Railway Official*—You'd better not smoke, sir!

Traveller—That's what my friends say.

Official—But you *mustn't* smoke, sir!

Traveller—So my doctor tells me.

Official (indignantly)—But you *shan't* smoke, sir!

Traveller—Ah! just what my wife says.—*London Punch.*

PRETTY GOOD.—A gentleman while examining a harness he had ordered of a mechanic, it was discovered that one of the buckles was deficient of a tongue. The master of the shop was apologising for the oversight, when one of the boys sung out: "If you have lost your tongue, I will lend you mine." His impertinence was soon checked by the customer, with this remark: "But I want a tongue *that will keep its place.*"

COMFORT FOR GIN-DRINKERS.—A medical gentleman in London met an old woman, who asked him whether he liked Gin, Rum, or Brandy, best? He replied that he was not in the habit of taking either. "What," said the astonished querist, "not take Gin? I like it best of any thing, for I have been in the hospital and know all about it. Gin only eats off the skin of the liver; Rum fills it up like a sponge; but Brandy eats holes into it that I could put my finger in."

City Scenes.

DOMESTIC (SOLILOQUISING). "Well! I'm sure Missus had better give this new bonnet to me, instead of sticking such a young-looking thing upon her old shoulders." (*The "impudent minx" has immediate warning.*)

Selected Articles.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SOCIAL LIFE.

BY OUR (LATE) PEDESTRIAN CORRESPONDENT.

A returned traveller is privileged to say disagreeable things. Contrasts are fresh in his mind—and he may well be allowed for a little while, to talk of his country as a stranger. For myself, I return here, fully feeling that a more grand, more magnificent field of action was never opened than is in this new world. The nation is in its full spring power. There is a greatness about the thoughts of men; a tireless and tremendous energy in every department of life; a brightness and keenness of intellect, such as I have seen in no country of Europe.

The very follies of our people, which they so laugh at abroad, have something heroic in them. But perhaps my very peculiar experience in the Social Life of Europe, makes me more than usually sensitive to our national defects. It is very evident to me, grand as the nation seems, it is *not happy*.

In the first place, coming down to a very "every-day" but very essential matter, there is no good national *health*. I had not been at all prepared for the surprising contrast in that respect. Of course I had known of our thin American faces, as compared with the European. But it is not in that, or in the worn, nervous looks or in the marks of scrofula everywhere, or in the dyspepsia which curses every studying and business man, that I see the contrast most—but in the universal *sickliness of women*.

I sat down with a lady lately, and, out of a wide circle of acquaintances in every part of the country, we attempted to reckon the healthy, and we could not think of more than *three* really healthy women.

What is the rule in Europe, seems the exception here. The ladies come before one here, as more fine, more delicate—yes, generally with more of a certain graceful beauty, than in England or Germany, but with far less robust health. There are so few full healthy complexions, or vigorous forms. Those who are well, are so plainly weak—with constitutions which the first rude shock of pain or exposure, will shatter. And this does not seem confined to one class. Indeed it is even more true of the village than of the city. The pale, worn looks of the mechanics' wives or the sickly faces which you see in so many a farmer's household, show it sadly enough.

It is very seldom, indeed, one passes through a village here, where the ruddy complexion, the bright glance of health, the full developed form meet the eye, as they do so invariably in the European villages.

The average life of woman may be as long in this country as in other countries, but it is far more "filled with trouble," as far as health is concerned.

Surely nothing need be said of the results of all this. It is sad enough without talking much of them. To see a life which should be brightened with health and overflowing with activities, all soured and cramped with these ills of the body, usefulness checked, merry households darkened, character itself weakened, and worse than all, infinite ailments transmitted to other generations, is bad enough, and does not need many words wasted on it.

But what are the causes of all this? is the practical question.

I conceive for one cause, that the whole race is not thoroughly *acclimated*, and that the effects are felt most by the weakest part of it—the women. But the great and all-sufficient reason is most plainly to be found in the *habits* of our women. It is one of the best tokens of American civilization, that woman holds here so high a place—higher than in any society I have yet known. But there is danger of taking too much care of her. We can certainly honor her sufficiently without resorting to such a hot-house system as our present. There is no country of Europe I believe, where women take so little exercise in the open air as they do in this. In England, on many a day, when no lady here would soil her shoe out o' doors, I have walked with ladies miles and miles through mud and snow or heavy mist. In Berlin there was never a bright winter's afternoon, in which we did not make up a skating-party on the "meadows," where indeed all the "belles" of the city were collected. In Hungary, a horse-back scamper over the plains, or a walk in the gardens with the ladies, were as common as the meals. And throughout Southern Germany, Italy, France, even where there are no more vigorous exercises, an afternoon's promenade in the parks or on the bastions has come to be almost a necessary of life. It seems as if all the people of those countries delighted in the *sun light*, much more than we. The ladies read, sew, eat in the open air, in arbors and gardens, far more than is ever the custom here. Then, in the lower classes, the women are obliged to work much in the fields, in some respects a thing not to be approved, yet on the whole, by no means so degrading a custom as we often think in America. It brings as one happy result at least, the full, cheerful health which God "designed" to be the natural accompaniment of life. There is an unnatural delicacy among all our women about exposure. If people only would learn that rain and frost and snow are not half such poisons as the close, vitiated air, which steams all day within heated walls!

An English lady with her stout boots and shortened skirts, makes no more of a mud or snow-walk than of the pleasantest ramble. The walk becomes as much a necessity as a dinner, and there is soon a real pleasure in breasting the rough weather.

No one appreciates enough here the value of mere sunlight to the health. I have often wondered to myself whether it might not affect our more delicate nervous organization, even as it does that of flowers.

A good part of the in-door habits of American women is due probably to the absurd costume in vogue for bad weather. Of this it is incumbent on our sex, in the present state of public opinion, to speak little. But we can at least say, that if fashion is to make our women a set of helpless Chinese ornaments for the household, only to appear in pleasant weather, it is time some change was begun.

The contrast in this matter of out-door exercise is almost as observable among the men of this country, as the women. I have already, in my letters from England, spoken of the universal love of the people for manly sports. Games, which only boys follow here, are the amusement of men there. The same fact is to be observed in a somewhat different mode throughout the continent. Studying men, business men, everywhere in Europe, continually recruit and freshen themselves with these open air sports. Walking, fishing, cricketing, rowing, riding, are regular parts of a man's life as much as work.

The truth is, it all connects itself with another wide fact, which is stamping our national character; *we work too hard*. There is not enough of rational healthy amusement. What amusements we have, are mostly of a wearing, exciting kind, which injure the body as much as the hardest labor, and are vastly more destructive to character. The aspect of social life here, bright as it is with the incessant intellectual power, is painful. Men are not happy. Families are not happy. The geniality, the sociality, the pleasantness, the mutual confidence and self-sacrifice, which so cheer the German family-life, and the English and Irish homes, are not here. Men are great, and philanthropic, and good in grand directions, but not in petty.

Families separate early, the young and old do not live together, each one is a hero, and must press on, and the more tender affections and relations are forgotten. It is surprising, the contrast between the social life at table in this country and in Europe. There seems no doubt that eating is in part an aid and an expression of kind social feelings, and that sociality at table is highly conducive to health. From the earliest times, a good dinner has been the mode of expressing kindly feelings towards a friend. The Old Testament is, if I might say it without irreverence, almost jovial with the bounteous oriental hospitality. Homer's heroes seem to utter their best sentiments, and hold their best "talks" at the board heaped with good things. And it will be singular and not irrelevant for any one to notice, how many of CHRIST's highest discourses and most loving thoughts are uttered at the social meal.

The family-meal has a higher object than to fill up our stomachs. That could be done in a much easier way. It is meant to help on friendliness and sociality, to cherish kindly relations. The mind is connected with the body. We may wish transcendentally to be above it, but the truth is, the moods depend much on the nerves. Digestion of good cheer and pleasant friendly talk seem to aid one another. In Europe, the father makes his meals the time for his liveliest talks with the "young people." They all sit long at table. And the dinner and supper-hours are often the happiest hours in the day. As I recall my conversations with friends in Europe, I am surprised how much of the highest and noblest converse, interchange of thoughts which will inspire and strengthen me for duty many a day yet, was over the table. Perhaps the very greatness of our people is connected with this peculiarity. Each man has too great objects to stop and eat slow, or chat over a dinner. Yet, after all, grand as we are, we do not enjoy ourselves. God made the soul with various faculties, and the mode or the creed which ignores any part of them, strips it of a part of its life and its happiness. Play as well as work must enter into the complete life. And I do believe in a higher and different type of religious character which will soon spring up here. The New England, the Puritan type, has done its great work. We need another now. We want something more genial, social, loving, kindly, something which will be with man in his laughter as well as in his struggles.—*Independent.*

CHESS-PLAYING.

If you wish to study a man's character play chess with him—that is to say, if you and he know how. Here are some things to be noted.

In sitting down [illegible] observe how far your adversary troubles himself about arranging the board and men, or whether he leaves the whole of it to you. If the latter, and he makes you set a good part of his own men for him, you may be sure he reckons himself something too good for you, and stands high in his own esteem. He likes to be waited on, and considers himself entitled to it.

Some players move very quickly, not only at the commencement of the game, but all through it. They sometimes make good moves, but always many blunders. The most critical situations, as well as the easiest, command only a momentary regard, and pass half examined. Such men may be smart, and may get on in the world by pure luck—but being rash in enterprise, uncertain in execution, impatient of control, and reckless of consequences, they are sure to get into trouble. Avoid much dealing with them.

If an adversary to whom you know yourself to be greatly superior, refuses to take odds in playing with you, and yet does not scruple to be perpetually taking back moves when he leaves a piece "*en prise*," set him down for a good-for-nothing snuffling fellow. He has a mean heart. He will steal wise men's sayings as his own; he will be a downright plagiarist, cut a dash on borrowed finances, or exemplify the shabby genteel. Have nothing to do with him.

A chess-player, who, when he has the attack, always opens his game in the same manner, may be set down as either a man of method or a stupefied fellow, barren of ideas and resources, with a narrow temperament, and a conservative tendency in politics. He will never set the river on fire.

An artful chess-player, ever and anon tempting you by exposure of pieces to gain his end, perpetually endeavouring to blockade your pieces, and aiming at double checks and checks by discovery, will not be unmindful of the stratagems of chess in the game of life. If you have dealings with him look out for yourself—but if he is a lawyer and you have a suit employ him.

If your adversary plays well; is not disconcerted though skillfully opposed; deep in his plans; decisive in execution; and keeps you from first to last in unbroken turmoil by the dexterity of his manœuvres, he will usually make his way in the world. He will make a good soldier or an acute lawyer—will make himself master of any subject to which he may apply. He will sift deeply and ponder patiently, and will be likely to succeed in scientific invention.

An indecisive character may be detected in a few moves. Indecision, however, must not be confounded with caution. Caution is essential to success in life, and is an evidence of judgment; while indecision indicates deficiency in the reasoning powers, and want of concentration of ideas.

Finally it may be relied on that no chess-player who attempts to succeed through unfair means, can be a man of integrity, or a man with whom it is desirable to have business relations. He may be honest in his dealings, but he has dishonest tendencies, and a certain degree of temptation will be apt to excite these tendencies beyond restraint. Beware of him.—*Yankee Blade.*

CURE FOR BORROWING.—I am an old housekeeper. I have often been annoyed by borrowers. I have had neighbors who never borrowed anything but eatables; I have had other neighbors who borrowed everything but eatables. I had, six months ago, a neighbor who borrowed eatables, drinkables, wearables, and everything else pertaining to housekeeping. I will tell you how I got rid of him. About once a week he borrowed eggs, once a fortnight coffee, and every time it snowed, my shovel; sugar, milk, potatoes, and cigars about once daily. I had, on more than one occasion, sent back sundry little articles he returned me, which I had loaned him, thinking he would take the hint—but, bless you, he liked *that*, so I procured a half-a-dozen very *ancient* eggs, kept the coffee grounds after the strength had been thoroughly extracted, carefully had them dried, and bided my time.

It was not long before he sent for three or four eggs—some nice cake was to be made, and eggs were necessary—he *got them*—the cake, of course, was spoilt. A short time only had elapsed when some coffee was requested—*he had it*. The next time it snowed, he wanted the shovel; it was in my coal-bin, down cellar, but I merely said to him, "My shovel is somewhere in the neighborhood, and if you find it, you may use it and welcome." After inquiring all over the neighborhood, he came to the conclusion that he could not find it, and abandoned the search. By taking this method, I trust I have got rid of him, as it is now five months and twenty-three days since he sent to me to borrow.

MUSKETS AND BAYONETS.

The mention of musketry fire deserves to be met with nothing but contempt and derision from any one who knows what a musketry fire really is. Let the case of one of the most decisive and bloody battles of modern times suffice as an example.

The battle of Waterloo lasted for about nine hours, and not more than 20,000 French were killed and wounded. We will suppose that only 5,000 of these were disposed of by the allied cavalry and artillery, and there will remain 15,000 as the results of infantry work. We will consider that only 45,000 infantry were actually engaged on the side of the English, and that they only expended on an average seventy-five cartridges per man,—a most moderate allowance; for it is well known that Rifles went into action with eighty rounds, and were twice supplied with ammunition during the day. The result will be that it took the exertions of three English soldiers for nine hours, and the expenditure of two hundred and twenty-five musket shots, to place one Frenchman hors de combat! Slow and tedious work this! And had not the Prussian army, according to Blucher's promise, arrived in time to surround the French, reduced in numbers and exhausted by their protracted exertions, with an overwhelming force, this would but have added one more to the long list of indecisive modern battles. "But the slaughter was tremendous." Well might it have been when seventy thousand French and seventy thousand English had been engaged in the exchange of every species of missile for nine hours! But mark a contrast. At the battle of Preston-pans 2,500 undisciplined Highlanders, with broadsword and target, their advance covered by an unskillful fire of musketry, cut to pieces and dispersed in ten minutes a superior number of English infantry, armed and equipped exactly like the men who conquered at Blenheim and Malplaquet. The same result followed at Falkirk, and even at Culloden; with disaffection and disobedience in their ranks, which prevented the first attack being supported and followed up, the Highlanders broke through every part of the English line that they reached in their charge.

With "shield poised high," with brandished sword or levelled pike, the brave man will give the reins to courage and rush upon his foe; that is the way to do his work, and he feels it. But the musketeer, with an unlimited supply of ammunition, is disinclined, and, after an excessive expenditure of gunpowder, becomes still more unfit for a stern and close combat. And the musket and bayonet is the most clumsy, awkward tool that ever was placed in a man's hands, and every soldier knows it.

Within 250 yards alone is musketry at all dangerous (and the sharpshooters will begin to fire faster and *worse* the nearer the assailants approach); that distance will be passed over at a quick march terminated by a charge *in two minutes*. During this time the musketeers can only get at the most three or four hundred shots; and the more overweening their confidence at the commencement of the affair, the more will their bad qualities as fighting men be exaggerated, the more terrible will be their confusion and panic when they find themselves met by men who do not allow them to expend their cartridges, but who coolly and perseveringly advance, covered by their skirmishers to convenient distance, and then rush upon them and place the matter at the arbitrement of the sword against the musket and bayonet, the most clumsy, crooked, rickety, unwieldly, awkward weapon that ever was invented. One thrust parried or avoided, if the musketeers have the courage to await or meet the charge, all resistance is over, and the sword is plied with a rapidity and vigor that puts an end to all thoughts of priming and loading, and the slaughter, disarmament, capture, and dispersion begin.

But this work is only to be done by men determined to conquer or to die, to take no denial, to advance in spite of noise or fire, in spite of death around them and among them; men who can make up their minds, when artillery is making havoc in their ranks, that *the nearer they are to a battery the safer they are from it*, and that twenty minutes of sharp work to gain a complete victory are better than six or eight hours of reciprocal slaughter and exhaustation, to end in a drawn battle or an orderly retreat.—*London Leader.*

COLLEGE OF THE SORBONNE.—A late decree of Louis Napoleon makes over to the town of Paris the building and dependencies of the famous College of Sorbonne. The London Athenæum, in announcing this event, gives a rapid history of this celebrated academy. It was founded, it appears, in the thirteenth century, when Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of Louis the Ninth, established it, as a school for the gratuitous reception of a hundred poor students. It gradually rose to influence in theology and even politics. In the sixteenth century, indeed, it was powerful enough, says the Athenæum, "to publish a decree absolving all Frenchmen from their oath of allegiance to Henry the Third, in consequence of the murder of the Cardinal de Guise,—and subsequently to refuse to recognize the claims of Henry the Fourth, even after his conversion to Catholicism, on the allegation that there was '*danger de feintise et de perfidie*.' Those were the great days of the Sorbonne, when it combatted both the Reformation and the Jesuits, and defended the liberties of the Gallican church." But, from this period, its influence began to decline. Richelieu, determined to permit no power in the state, direct or indirect, except that of the throne, circumscribed its action within the limits of religious discussion. In the great Jansenist quarrel, it took the side of its old enemies, the Jesuits, and expelled Arnauld, the great Arnauld, the honor of Port Royal, from its school; and with him seventy-one doctors, who refused to sign his condemnation, were thrust out. The Revolution of 1789 closed the Sorbonne, a decree of the convention even changing the name of the street where it stood, because it recalled the remembrance—so read the law—of an "astute and dangerous body"—"inimical to philosophy and mankind." The Emperor Napoleon partially restored the Sorbonne, by making it the head-quarters of the University, and the seat of the Faculties of Theology, Science, and Belles-Lettres.—*Evening Bulletin.*

RESEMBLANCE OF LORDS AND SAVAGES.—There is often, in fact, no material difference between the enjoyments of the highest ranks and those of the rudest stages of society. If the life of many young English noblemen and an Iroquois in the forest, or an Arab in the desert, are compared, it will be found that their real sources of happiness are nearly the same. The treasures of science, the refinements of taste, the luxuries of wealth, are in many cases disregarded or forgotten, and the excitation of life depends on the destruction of wild animals, or the management of impetuous steeds. This is a fact which is a matter of daily observation; and it furnishes a most instructive lesson as to the proportion established by nature between the active and speculative part of mankind. The great majority in every class of society are incapable of receiving happiness from any source but from physical excitation; and every other plan for human improvement which is founded on any other supposition, will necessarily fail. Nor is it without good reason that nature has established this disproportion between the studious and active parts of the species. The great mass of undertakings essential to the existence and the welfare of mankind, depend on physical exertion; and unless the greater part of our fellow-creatures were disposed to that species of labor, and gratified with the enjoyments that attend it, the race would speedily perish, and the speculations of science disappear with the individuals who formed them.—*Allison's Principles of Population.*

WASHINGTON.—It has often been remarked of Washington, that no one was ever in his presence, without being strongly impressed by reverence for his dignity. But it seems by the following anecdote, which is related by a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer that at least there was one exception:

"When the President was procuring the ground for the city which was to be the Seat of Government, he had but little difficulty in obtaining the necessary releases, except in one instance. Mr. Byrnes was the owner of a lot or tract, which it was advisable should be included in the plan. The General had various conferences with Mr. B., who was especially obstinate, and resisted all the reasoning and persuasion of the great man. Indignant at being thus opposed, Washington turned upon him, with indignation, and said with great severity, 'Mr. James Byrnes, what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?' Byrnes was undismayed, and coolly turned to him and said, 'George Washington, what would *you* have been worth *if you had not married the widow Custis?*'"

HAVE YOU NO SCHOOLS.—By order of Government, the roads in Prussia are lined with fruit trees. Noticing that some of them had a wisp of straw attached to them, I inquired of the coachman what it meant. He replied that the straw was intended as a notice to the public not to take fruit from those trees without special permission. "I fear," said I, "that such a notice in my country, would be an invitation to attack them." "*Haben sie keine schulen?*"—(Have you no schools,) was his significant rejoinder.—*Prof. Stowe.*

CLIMATE AND PHILOSOPHY.—Meditating upon general improvement, I often think a great deal about the climate in those parts of the world; and I see that without much husbandry of our means and resources, it is difficult for us to be anything but low barbarians. The difficulty of living at all in a cold, damp, destructive climate is great. Socrates went about with very scanty clothing, and men praise his wisdom in caring so little for the goods of this life. He ate sparingly, and of mean food. That is not the way, I suspect, that we can make a philosopher here. There are people who would deride one for saying this, and would contend that it gives too much weight to worldly things. But I suspect they are misled by notions borrowed from Eastern climates. Here we must make prudence one of the substantial virtues.—*Companions of My Solitude.*

For the Young.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

BY MARY L. DUNCAN.

Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy—full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
And could know the words I say;
Pretty stories I would seek,
To amuse you every day:

All about the honey-bees,
Flying past us in the sun;
Birds that sing among the trees,
Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,
Never strike or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise;
And when you are tired of this,
I will bring you other toys.

Child's Paper.

CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

Q. Why are *tin foot warmers* covered with *flannel*?

A. 1st.—That the *polish* of the tin may not be injured;

2nd.—Because the flannel (being a *very bad conductor*) helps to keep the tin hot *longer*; and

3rd.—Lest the conducting surface of the tin should *feel painfully hot*.

Q. What disadvantage would it be, if the *polish* of the tin were injured?

A. If the tin foot warmer were to *lose its polish*, it would get cold in a *much shorter time*.

Q. Why are *furnaces* and stoves (where much *heat* is required) built of porous *bricks*?

A. Because bricks are *bad conductors*, and *prevent the escape of heat*; in consequence of which, they are employed where great heat is required.

Q. Why are *furnace doors, etc.*, frequently covered with a paste of *clay* and *sand*?

A. Because this paste is a *very bad conductor of heat*; and, therefore, prevents the *escape of heat from the furnace*.

Q. If a stove be placed in the *middle* of a room, should it be made of bricks or iron?

A. A stove in the *middle of a room* should be made of *iron*; because iron is an *excellent conductor*, and rapidly communicates heat to the air around.

CONVECTION.

Q. What is meant by the *convection of heat*?

A. Heat communicated by being *carried* to another thing or place; as the hot water resting on the *bottom* of a kettle carries heat to the water through which it ascends.

Q. Are *liquids* good *conductors* of heat?

A. No; liquids are bad *conductors*; and are, therefore, made hot by *convection*.

Q. Why are *liquids bad conductors* of heat?

A. Because heat *converts a liquid* into *steam*; and flies off with the vapor instead of being *conducted through* the liquid.

Q. Explain how *water* is made *hot*?

A. The water *nearest the fire* is *first* heated, and (being heated) *rises* to the *top*; while its place is supplied by *colder* portions, which are heated in turn, till *all* the water is boiling hot.

Q. Why is *water* in such continual *ferment*, when it is *boiling*?

A. This commotion is mainly produced by the *ascending* and *descending currents* of hot and cold water.

The escape of *steam* from the water contributes also to increase this agitation.

Q. How do these currents *pass* each other?

A. The *hot ascending current* rises up through the *centre* of the mass of water: while the *cold descending currents* pass down by the metal *sides of the kettle*.

Q. Why is *heat* applied to the *bottom*, and not to the top of a *kettle*?

A. Because the heated water always *ascends* to the *surface*, heating the water through which it passes; if, therefore, heat were applied to the *top* of a vessel, the water *below the surface* would never be *heated*.

Q. As the lower part of a *grate* is made *red-hot* by the fire *above*, why would not the *water* boil, if fire were applied to the *top* of a kettle?

A. The *iron* of a grate is an excellent *conductor*; if, therefore, *one* part be heated, the heat is conducted to *every* other part; but *water* is a very *bad conductor*, and will not diffuse heat in a similar way.

Q. Prove that *water* is a *bad conductor* of heat?

A. When a blacksmith immerses his red-hot iron in a tank of water, the water which surrounds the iron is made *boiling* hot, while that *below the surface* remains quite cold.

Q. If you wish to *cool liquids*, where should the cold be applied?

A. To the *top* of the *liquid*, because the *cold* portions will always *descend*, and allow the warmer parts to come in contact with the cooling substance.

Q. Does *boiling* water get hotter by being *kept on the fire*?

A. No;—not if the steam be suffered to escape.

Q. Why does not boiling water get *hotter*, if the steam be suffered to *escape*?

A. Because the *water* is converted into *steam* as fast as it boils; and the steam *carries away* the additional heat.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 15, 13, 19, 7, 16, 9, 6, is the seat of American Government.
My 2, 14, 18, 12, 6, 9, is a county in Asia.
My 3, 16, 6, 8, 10, 2, 4, 9, is a city in South America.
My 4, 15, 14, 17, 5, 10, is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 6, 17, 13, 4, 10, 18, is one of the United States.
My 6, 9, 14, 1, 2, 10, is a county in Europe
My 7, 9, 14, 13, 18, is a cape on the coast of Central America.
My 8, 12, 7, 14, 5, 11, is a river in Turkey in Asia.
My 9, 8, 15, 8, 14, 5, 9, is a lake in North America.
My 10, 13, 15, 7, 2, 14, 18, is a county in New York
My 11, 18, 6, 17, 2, 19, is one of the Orkney Islands.
My 12, 6, 2, 15, 9, 6, is an important American city.
My 13, 10, 17, 5, 2, 6, 10, is one of the United States.
My 14, 9, 1, 6, 10, is a county in North Carolina.
My 15, 9, 14, 19, is an island on the coast of Ireland.
My 16, 18, 14, 14, 9, 1, is a town in England.
My 17, 8, 16, 12, 19, is a town in Vermont.
My 18, 16, 11, 9, 6, is a county in North Carolina.
My 19, 8, 6, 18, is a river in Siberia.

My whole is the time for rejoicing to every true American. F. S. H.

Norwalk.

MEDICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 17, 25, 15, 14, 3, are powerfully astringent.
My 1, 4, 18, 9, 5, is one of the most valuable cathartics.
My 25, 24, 21, 3, 6, is a grateful aromatic carminative.
My 35, 6, 22, 10, 30, 23, is a special expectorant.
My 12, 29, 29, 11, 5, 15, 20, is a mercurial preparation.
My 21, 13, 30, 11, 27, 7, 33, 13, 26, is a remedy for erysipelas.
My 8, 22, 14, 10, 1, 18, 20, 33, 1, 5, will produce insensibility.
My 26, 8, 10, 31, 25, 9, 20, 1, 24, 3, 6, 32, 18, is a special diaphoretic.

My whole is a respectable Institution in the North-West. R. F. HENRY.

Princeville, Ill.

REBUS.

To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete,
Then let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet;
Then two semi-circles and a circle complete.

New Orleans, La. F. T. S.

PROBLEM.

What number is that which being severally added to 3, 19, and 51, shall make the results in geometrical progression? F. L.

Charleston, S. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What river in Bavaria answers "Who is there?" Ans.—Iser (I Sir.)

☞ Why is a man with wooden legs like one who makes an even bargain? Ans.—He has nothing to boot.

☞ What word is made shorter for having a syllable added? Ans.—Short.

☞ What river in England is what naughty girls do? Ans.—Tees. (Tease.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

PROBLEM.—19 minutes past 3.

REBUS.—Music.

Agricultural.

HEDGES AND FENCES.

From a recent discussional agricultural meeting at Boston, we take the following:

MR. GRAY made a few remarks upon the subject assigned for the evening's discussion. He alluded to its importance, and said that he coincided in the views expressed to him by a gentleman then present, that in most instances, it was best to dispense with all but an exterior fence around the land, and to keep the cattle up, to practice what is called soiling them. The cheapest fence he considered to be stone walls; a cheap kind of wall, he had heard said, could be built for two shillings a rod; they consume the stone with which many of our fields are almost paved, and which it is considered excellent husbandry to get out of the way. When well laid, he considered stone walls a really beautiful fence, and mentioned especially some he had seen in Rhode Island, which were five feet high, and laid without mortar, but yet with great care. He considered it the most effectual fence. Wickersham's iron fence, which has recently been introduced into this vicinity, he commended very highly for interior fences. It can be put up at $1,25 per rod. For gardens a picket or close board fence will be found best; the former can be put up for $6 a rod, and the latter, as high as a man's head, for $4. A good wire fence, he had been told, could be put up for less than 75 cents a rod. There was another kind which in some cases he thought to be preferable to any he had named—he meant *briar hedges*. Nothing could be more beautiful or effectual, if well trimmed and kept. He commended highly for this class of fences a kind of thorn introduced into this country by E. H. Darby, Esq., of Salem, the botanical name of which is *Rhamnus Catharticus*. Some call it the *Buckthorn*. It cannot be killed by heading down. The cattle will not eat the leaf, and it is troubled by no insect; when it is headed down it will grow more thickly and stocky. It can be set out for three or four shillings a rod. For mere border, as evergreen, he commended the *Arbor Vitæ* as the best plant. It keeps clothed near the bottom; as a single tree he thought it more beautiful than the Funeral Cypress. The English thorn will not do well here. It cannot bear our dry climate. There was one kind of them he considered dangerous, and that is the *Gleditsia* or *Three Thorned Acacia*, or as some call it, the *Triple Thorned Locust*. It has a spur from which proceed three shoots; if it is not pruned it will grow out of all manner of reason, and if it is pruned it appears unsightly. It sheds its thorns, and he had known an instance where a man stepping upon one of them run it through his foot. He had exterminated all of this class upon his place.

Maj. Wheeler inquired whether Mr. Gray had found the *Buckthorn* hedge a sufficient fence against cattle, or whether they would not tear it to pieces with their horns.

Mr. Gray thought it might be made a sufficient fence to stop them, if it was cut in and made stocky. They might injure it, but he did not think they would break through.

Mr. French, of Braintree, said he had been told by persons recently from England that the English farmers are taking down their hedges and supplying their places with expensive stone walls. It had been found a great expense to maintain and keep up these hedges. Besides giving shelter to poachers, they were found to be great exhausters of the soil. As a matter of economy, where the land will admit of it, he thought it best to have the whole farm in one lot, especially unless there was upon the land a superabundance of rock, which it was desirable to be rid of. In regard to setting posts, his practice is to burn, so as to char the bottoms of the post, before they are put into the ground. Last year some white cedar posts which were put down thus charred, twenty-seven years ago, were taken up and found in excellent condition. He spoke highly of the *Arbor Vitæ* for hedges. The *Buckthorn* is also beautiful, but it is hardly a safe fence to keep out cattle. The *Washington Thorn* he had found a good fence to keep out cattle, but it was expensive to cultivate.

Maj. Wheeler preferred the *Hemlock* to the *Arbor Vitæ*.

AGRICULTURAL VARIETIES.

FROM THE GENESEE FARMER.

HOME-MADE GUANO.—I see by different agricultural publications, the anxiety many farmers have of enriching their soil by lime, gypsum, guano, &c., at considerable expense, and at the same time suffering a large amount of the best fertilizing ingredients to be thrown to waste, which would cost them nothing to preserve. In the Fall and Spring I cart many loads of any kind of soil I can procure free from stone, to a heap near my kitchen and wash-house door. I put it up like a coal-pit—large at the base and small at the top. The top I make concave, so as to contain half-a-barrel of water. To this top I place a plank, to which slats are nailed to walk up on, and I have all the dish-water, soap-suds, chamber-ley, meat and fish-pickle, and every kind of refuse from in and about the house, carried to this heap. I frequently add a little plaster. After it has been there six months, mix it well, haul it out, and supply its place with another heap. It is a cheap manure, and far exceeds lime, gypsum, or guano; all of which I have used to a large extent. S. JOHN.

Mount Comfort, Pa.

MERINO, SOUTH-DOWN AND LEICESTER SHEEP.—I keep three kinds of sheep, Merino, South-Down and Leicester. Some time ago I sold part of the flock for mutton. The Merinos brought me $1.60; the South-Downs $2; and the Leicesters from $2.50 to $3.00. The butcher would always pick out the Leicesters, and I found it impossible to sell the others while they remained in the flock. I drew them out and disowned them, and thus was enabled to dispose of the others. The South-Downs were fair, profitable sheep—about the medium in Western New York. I can recommend the Leicesters; not because I have them to sell, but for the reason that they are more healthy, look better, shear more wool, grow faster, and pay better. The lambs sell for a higher price, and much earlier, than the other breeds, in Western New York. A YOUNG DUTCH SUBSCRIBER.—*Royalton, N. Y.*

SOAKING CORN IN A SOLUTION OF HARTSHORN.—A few years since, hearing a neighbor speak of the great value of soaking seed corn in a solution of hartshorn previous to planting, I was induced to try it, and have met with perfect success. I put two ounces of the hartshorn, costing twenty-five cents, to a peck of corn, cover the corn with water, and let it stand six hours, planting as soon as possible, rolling it in plaster as I plant.

Two years ago, we had a dry time just as our corn was nicely up, and all corn fields in this region looked yellow and sickly, while my corn planted as above, kept of a dark green color, and grew well till harvest, when I had 100 bushels of corn per acre, which we consider a good crop here. My neighbor who planted in an adjoining field, on much better land, and well manured, but who did not use the hartshorn, had a very poor crop. I induced a neighbor to use it last year, and he obtained equally beneficial results.—WARREN ERA.

EXPERIMENT WITH POULTRY.—I have been keeping an account with my poultry the past year, to ascertain whether any profit could be derived from them. I commenced on the 1st of January, 1851, with twenty-three hens and two ducks. The hens were of the *Poland* variety, but not full-blooded, and were mostly two years old. They were not confined, except a few weeks in Spring and Summer. I allow them two quarts of corn per day, except through the last Summer and first Fall months, when they require less. The hens commenced laying about the middle of January, and laid till November. The account from January 1, 1851, to January 1, 1852, is as follows:

Dr.	
To 10 bushels 3 pecks corn,	$13 50
" 111 eggs used for setting,	1 36
" Indian meal for chickens,	1 04
	$15 90
Cr.	
By 2,085 eggs, worth, at market prices,	$32 02
" 25 chickens raised,	5 31
	$37 33
Balance in favor of poultry,	$[illegible] 74

THE HEAVES.—I once knew a horse very much afflicted with the heaves; he was owned by one of my neighbors about eighteen months, at the end of which time he was perfectly free, and was disposed of for a sound horse to another of my neighbors, who kept him about six years without any appearance of the disorder. This was the way the horse was treated the first twelve months:—Into a tub containing twenty gallons of water, put a piece of unslacked lime about as large as a pint measure, and when the lime is slacked and settled to the bottom, let the horse drink the water, renewing it twice a week, and allowing the horse no other drink when at home, but wet feed. My neighbor used to give his horse about one gill of good cider-vinegar with his grain each day for about six months, but continued lime water about one year. I think lime-water occasionally, a good preventative also.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

"SONG OF THE POTATO."

I'm a careless potato, and heed not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill ways, or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.

The peas and the beans may more loftily tower,
But why should I bend me to them?
Defiance I nod, with my beautiful flower,
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

OXEN CROWDING.—In perusing your paper, I find at the bottom of your agricultural column, it says to prevent oxen from crowding is to lengthen the yoke. In my experience I have found it to the reverse, to lengthen the yoke is to shove them nearer the ruts, causing them to crowd, each trying to keep out; whereas if they are drawn close together by a short yoke, they will pull apart. I have now in use a pair of cattle when worked a few days in a short yoke they pull apart badly, to reverse it and put on the long yoke they directly get to crowding.

The ease and comfort of working cattle is not enough studied. To work with ease and comfort, is to gear them with short crooked yokes and traces, then they can work free and easy like horses. A SUBSCRIBER.

WILLOWS.—There are $5,000,000 worth of willows imported into this country every year from Belgium and France, for making baskets, and for other purposes. They sell for $125 per ton, and the demand is greatly increasing, and is now much greater than the supply. They grow equally well in America as in Belgium, but need low, swampy land, that is fit for nothing else. They need no cultivation at all. In planting the first time, all that is necessary is to stick the cuttings into the soil in the Spring. The next Fall the first years' shoots should be cut down; and the next year they will come out thick and strong, and yield an abundant and most profitable crop. The common English willow, or osier, is the best variety for baskets.

SIX TONS TO THE ACRE.—Take a first rate piece of land, *Mr. New York Farmer*, plough it sixteen inches deep, spread on twenty-five loads of good and well-composted manure; plough that in, three to six inches deep, level and sow twelve quarts of herd's grass, one bushel of red top and six pounds of clover seed to the acre, and with Heaven's blessing upon it, if you don't get six tons to the acre in two cuttings, why then you wont get as much as we believe Mr. Clapp, of Greenfield, did, to whose statement you refer, and which we heard and reported in these columns. It's a large crop, sir, but it is often produced in this "cold and barren New England." There is nothing like KNOWING HOW.—*N. E. Farmer.*

The Olio.

HASTY WORDS.

Full oft a word that lightly leaves the tongue,
Another's breast unconsciously has wrung;
And were the wound but present to the eye,
We'd mourn the pain that solace might defy.

We toy with Hearts, as if the thousand chords
That vibrate to the touch of hasty words,
Could jar out discords all the live-long day,
Nor any tension cause them to give way.

Oh, strike them gently! every human breast
Is by a secret load of grief oppressed;
Forbear to add a note of causeless woe,
Where discords ever are so prone to flow.

BLACK ANGELS.—While Bonaparte was First Consul, a negro artist applied to him, one day, for protection, with respect to a painting which he wished to exhibit to the public. On Bonaparte desiring to see it, it was brought into his presence. The picture represented the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, surrounded by angels, but they were all black. On beholding this ludicrous painting, Bonaparte broke into a hearty laugh. The artist vindicated his production with much warmth, saying, "The whites believe that a black skin is the mark placed upon Cain by the Deity; but we, on the contrary, believe that the white skin was placed upon man as a curse. You believe that the Devil is black, but we think he is white. You believe that God and the angels are white, and why should we not believe they are black?"

"You have an undoubted right to do so," said the Consul, "and can paint as many black angels as you please, but when they are finished, the best thing that you can do, is to send them to St. Domingo."

The artist, it appears, took his advice, and sent the picture to the Island, where it is preserved to this day with much veneration, at least we know nothing to the contrary.—*Boston Investigator.*

WORK.—A man who can give up dreaming, and go to his daily realities—who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand,—who defies Fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

I dare say it would be more interesting and poetical if I were to paint Ninian Greme leaning over the boat's side, and dropping womanly tears into the Clyde, and laying back in the railway carriage, spent by the exhaustion of emotion. But he did not. Whatever he felt, Heaven knoweth; and Heaven is merciful, tender and dumb. The only words he said—and he might have soliloquized a whole page, for he had the carriage to himself—were, "I must go home and work."

"Work—work—work! It is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses, and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying all under, fair and foul together—making plain, dull-looking, arable land for our neighbors to peer at, until at night-time, down in the deep furrows the angels come and sow."—"*Head of the Family.*"

CHARITY.—As regards charity, a man might extend to others the ineffable tenderness which he has for some of his own sins and errors, because he knows the whole history of them; and though, taken at a particular point, they appear very large and very black, he knew them in their early days when they were play-fellows instead of tyrant demons. There are others which he cannot so well smooth over, because he knows that in their case inward proclivity coincided with outward temptation; and, if he is a just man, he is well aware that if he had not erred here, he would have erred there; that experience, even at famine price, was necessary for him in those matters. But, in considering the misdoings and misfortunes of others, he may as well begin at least by thinking that they are of the class which he has found from his own experience, to contain a larger amount of what we call ill-fortune, than of anything like evil disposition. For time and chance, says the Preacher, happen to all men.—*Companions of My Solitude.*

CONFIRMED HABITS.—Every one knows the story of the tallow-chandler, who, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business and taken a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself, after a few months' trial of the holiday life, requested permission of his successor to come into town, and assist him on melting-days. We have heard of one who kept a retail spirit-shop, and having, in like manner retired from trade, used to enjoy himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. We have heard, also, of a butcher in a small country town, who, some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week just for his amusement.

For Housekeepers.

MARYLAND BISCUIT.—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, as much luke-warm milk as will wet the flour, salt just to taste. Rub the butter and flour together thoroughly, add the salt, and lastly just enough milk to form a *very stiff* dough; knead the dough, then pound it with a rolling-pin. Break the dough in pieces, pound and knead it again, and so on for two or three hours. It will be very smooth and light when kneaded sufficiently. Make it out in small biscuits and bake in a moderate oven.

WAFFLES.—Two eggs, one pint of milk, half an ounce of butter, half a gill of yeast, salt just to taste, as much flour as will form a thick batter. Warm the milk and butter together; beat the eggs and add them by turns with the flour; stir in the yeast and salt. When they are light, heat your waffle-irons and butter them, pour in some of the batter and brown them on both sides. Butter them and serve them with or without sugar and cinnamon.

WAFFLES WITHOUT YEAST.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one tea spoonful of butter, as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately. Melt the butter, and while lukewarm stir it into the milk. Whisk the yolks very light, add to them the milk and flour alternately, beat it well, lastly stir in the whites, which must be whisked very dry. The batter should not be beaten after the whites are in. Grease your waffle-irons after having heated them, fill them nearly full of the batter, close them and place them over the fire—turn the irons so as to bake the waffle on both sides—when done take it out and butter it. These must be baked the moment they are mixed.—*National Cook Book.*